



NIGHTMARE

# Daydreaming Nightmare



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## Chapter 1 by Sam I am

My mind is darker than people think it is. I look like the type of girl who is very happy all the time and loves to be around others. This is just the stupid mask I wear all the time. Everyday my mind will slip into an unseen universe. Everything is darkened and no signs of joy are present. I don't like slipping into this place but it's there and I can't help myself. It's my nightmare trapped in a daydream.

## Chapter 2 by Nate



I am a really dark girl. I think no, I know this is just what it is like to be smart not like academically, just knowing what life is like and knowing what happens after and just knowing things that no one should ever find out.

My daydreams are filled with darkness. Most of the time they kind of outline my classroom everything is inked. the outlines of the people and things are darkened. Most of the time I end up seeing death with his beautiful scythe. I talk to him. It is... uplifting to hear his voice. He knows everything about me. He confesses to me all the wrongs he did but he also says he can't control it.

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Parvin. This is really coincidental because one of the students named Elizabeth Parvin Died in her sleep.

### Chapter 3 by Isoar



I know most would brush this coincidence off as just an extension of my hyperactive imagination. But then, why did I write about Elizabeth Grace Parvin weeks before her Death? This morning I woke up with my journal beside me and my pen still clutched in my hand. I don't want to read the entry. I don't want to know who is next.

I wish I could remember how school used to be. I would rush to my classes, eager to learn more about the beauty and depth of the world. Now I stumble through half-baked days in a daze, absorbing nothing. I only ever feel Alive when I dream.

I close my eyes and see him. Nathan. He whispers words to me in a meaningless jumble that I can never quite comprehend. Seconds later, he steps away and is gone. I blink, and I am awake, with the sun trying to peek around my blinds and read the new entry that is waiting.

The other constant: I am always to afraid to see who Death has chosen next.

### Chapter 4 by CAPSLOCK



There's a clatter as my head collapses, pushing my notebook and pencil off the desk in a loud clatter on the linoleum floor.

"Ms. Dakota, I understand I am not lecturing the most interesting topic in the known universe. There is no need to punctuate the start and end of my speech with sleep, nor abruptly interrupt a sentence with it and its affect on your beleaguered pencil case."

I lurched to attention, the classroom filled with snickering students and an irritated teacher. "If I am not interesting enough for you, then you must make do with the nice young people down in the office."

I walk to the office and sit in one of the cushy waiting chairs. Nathan reappears, seemingly disturbed by his interruption mid-  
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cities, she only has one heart!" I laugh as he departs, then think about what he said.

"Dakota Fairchild?" The receptionist calls my name dramatically even though I'm the only kid in the room. I stand.

"Yes, ma'am."

She points ominously at a shadowy doorway. Sometimes I really hate this school. I walk into the darkened room, flip on the lights unbidden, and sit in the chair, one similar to the ones outside.

Our principal sits at their desk, confused as to why I turned on the lights. Their eyes were kind of disappointed, as if they were saying, 'I already work at a boring school, now you're going to take any vestige of enjoyment from me and toss it nonchalantly into the trash?' Nevertheless, they sit up in the soft desk chair. They open their mouth to begin speaking of my number of office calls due to what they termed as narcolepsy only to hear the clatter of the PA system.

Then there's an announcement over the loudspeaker.

"There is a hold in place scheduled for the school at this time. Nothing is wrong, just stay in your classrooms until further instructed." I looked at the principal, who was on the phone with someone else.

"A severe heart attack? Don't call me, call the hospitals! And get those kids out of there, they don't need to see it!" They slam down the phone and rub their head.

"Who is it?" I ask, having a bad feeling I know the answer.

"Let's just say you were lucky you were sleeping."

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